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*Shahwandahtgooze Days*

by David A. Dunlap

"Sip-him-dew-Dave"



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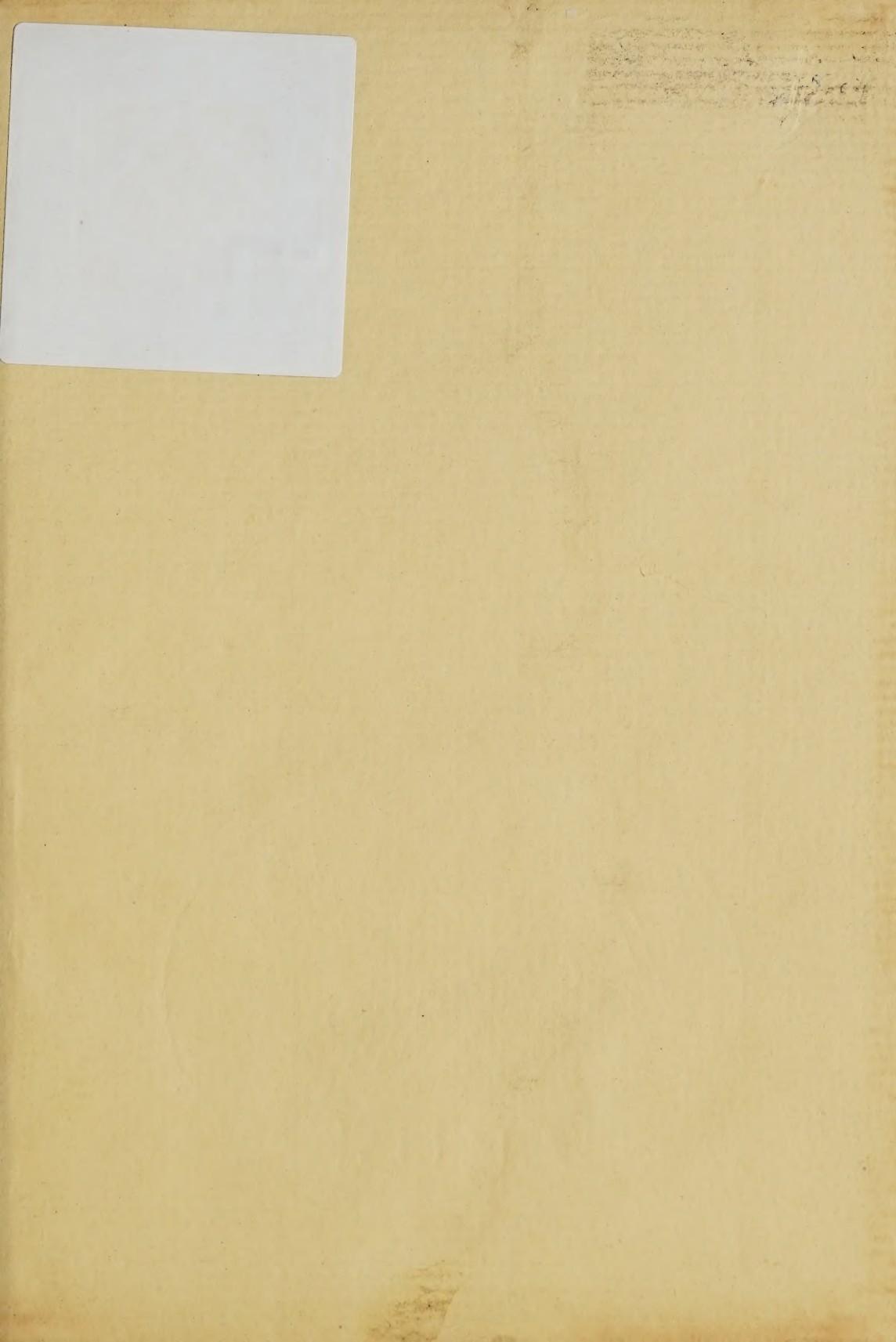
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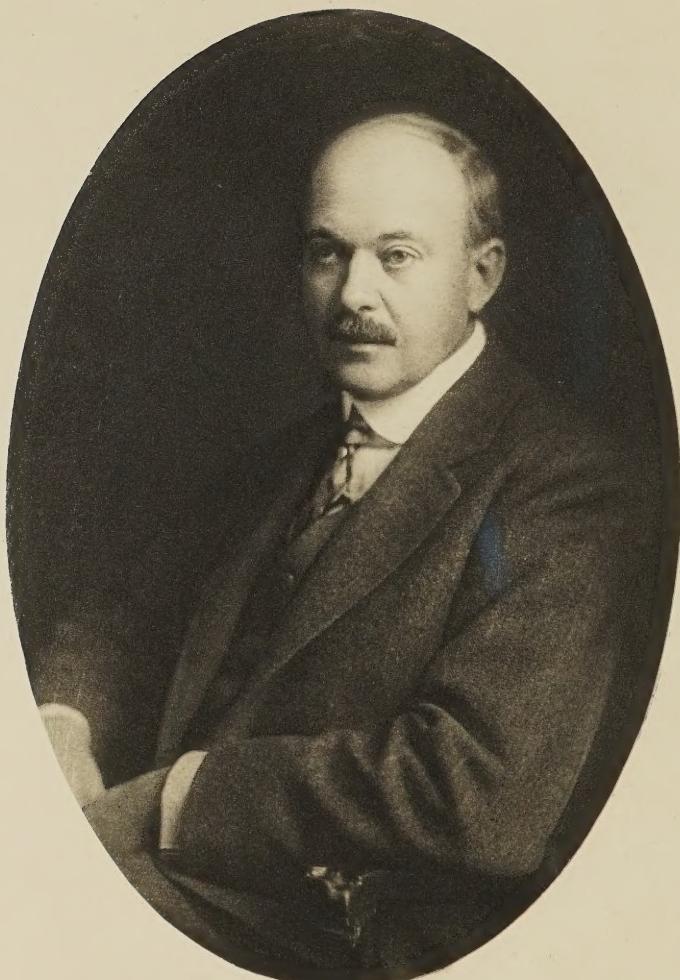
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SHAHWANDAHGODZE  
EIGHT DAYS  
by DAVID A. DUNLAP  
"Sir-Film-Dave"

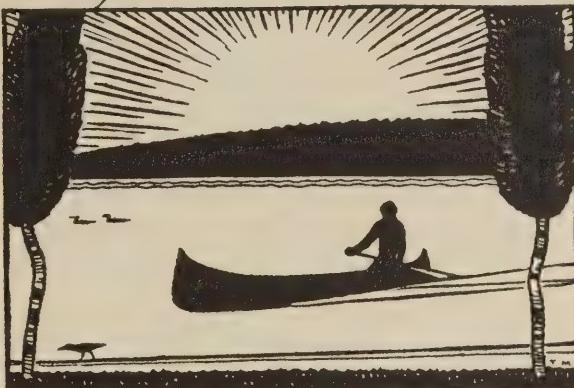


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Da Shulap

SHAHWANDAHGOOZE  
DAYS  
by DAVID A. DUNLAP  
"Sip-Him-Dew-Dave"



1925

PRIVATELY PUBLISHED

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# TO MY WIFE

*An Appreciation.*

O SPLENDID woman with your eyes of blue,  
I think not of the years, the many or the  
few;  
But, as I gaze upon those silver strands,  
Think only of the blessings from your hands.

Sip-him-dew-DAVE.

Date 1917



## PREFACE

**T**O those who know the land "Shahwandah-gooze" and the One who made the place the abode of happiness for so many of us, these verses and talks will be understood and appreciated.

They reflect the mind and heart of one who loved the beautiful in Nature and found some good in every man.

This little book goes out to those who knew and loved Sip-him-dew-DAVE.

J. D. D.



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## SHAHWANDAHGOOZE

A SMALL section in the great forest and lake reaches of that almost unbounded and intermittently inhabited country in the Province of Quebec, known as the "Unorganized portion of the County of Pontiac"—the latter a name forever linked with that early and romantic era when Canada had scarce felt upon her wild bosom the faint clink of the hardy surveyor's chain, is where we lodge betimes in actual and contactual companionship as neighbors with the native flora and fauna, and at most all other times in mystic communion with the all-pervading spirit that broods over those unspoiled vastnesses. We are known and numbered on the map as timber berths numbers 207, 213, 217, with a geographical superficial area of about 86 square miles. Our legal and corporate name, chosen for the sake of brevity and terse expression from the Algonquin tongue, is "The Shahwandahgooze Hunting and Fishing Club," for which the land of the Druids has no rhythmic synonym, but can best express itself in semi-alliterative fashion by the use of the word "happy." At the western corner of this nature's paradise nestles Shahwandahgooze Lodge.

We are just east of the rugged and scenic banks of the Upper Ottawa among the Laurentian Hills, where the sturdy granites can at best be but faintly hidden by the evergreen tops of the tree that finds

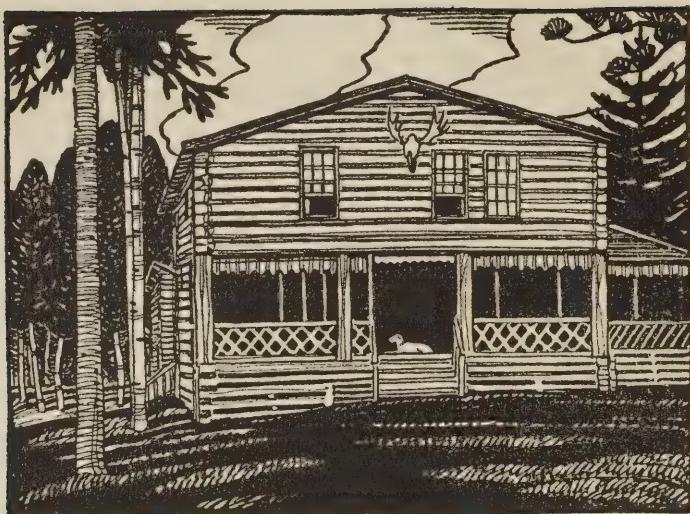
among its crags the comradeship to stand defiant  
'gainst the stressful moods of Nature.

To meet the more exacting demands of those who may sometime wish to make approaches of friendship with us by the travelled routes of the paleface, it is geographically correct to state that we lie scarce six leagues to the north of the Mattawa, the old Hudson's Bay Post where the fur was once so thick that the natives actually "pelted" the Company until they had to quit their "skin" game in this region.

It was in the year 1903, when some of those far-roaming Americans who love the wilds, were discovered by some local sports at Mattawa, with their paint and their feathered trappings, actually mapping out our own Laurentians, with their nestling lakes amid the forests and game coverts of the land that had only known the Ancient Redman and his modern "lumbering" successor, the man with the axe, who as a Giant Killer, and a sort of herbaceous Cannibal, saw in the mighty thews of that majestic tree, of Commerce as of grace and beauty, only luscious food for the teeth of the saw and the ferocious impact of the axe.

But mighty healing, repairing and restoring Nature had wrought her wonders, and how fortunate for many of us untutored Canucks it was that a very choice parcel still remained for our appropriation in the year named. As, however, these sports, with one or two kindred spirits from Montreal, but all reared within sight and influence

of the mists that rise at the call of day to give fresh outline to the indentured shores of the Ottawa, were still attached to their old hunting grounds near at hand in Ontario, it was not until six or seven years later that active steps were taken to form our Club.



The Lodge

## SHAHWANDAHGOOZE LODGE

*Leaving Maison d'Aleck 9 p.m. Moon sinking in west. Reached Lodge at 11 p.m. Calm, dark night.*

INTO the night they went, silent and lone,  
Where the half-moon shed its murky light on  
leaf and cone,  
For the track ahead lay darkly shaded and still,  
In the deep-set forest glades where vale and hill  
Seem all one clouded mass of darkest green,  
From the busy world without a welcome screen.  
For so it is that, in this world of strife,  
One finds in solitude the very zest of life.  
No more my friends let's ponder to the Muse,  
But probe into the secrets of the Fair Shahwan-  
dahgooze.



The name is of the Algonquin Tongue  
And signifies "The Happy";  
It was found by Bill Le Heup among  
Some names not on the mappy.  
But now 'tis there almost as long  
As a little papoose lullaby song.



Just come and see that half mile reach  
Of white and yellow sanded beach—  
Not put there by mere man's device  
But the slow process of archaic ice—

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The Beach

And the pine-crested point, and just beyond  
Rise up the hills with verdure crowned.



But what's that structure that one sees  
Peeping out shyly midst the trees?  
We'll go up cautiously, and then  
See if it's habited by men.  
But lo! before the word is spoken,  
A sound is heard, the spell is broken,  
And signs of camp-life, free and easy,  
Give air of life that's bright and breezy.  
Let's see the Lodge, for such it's named,  
'Tis built of rounded logs, not framed,  
Showing the axe mark and the adz,  
Sweet emblems of a passing age.  
For only in such parts as these  
Do they build Lodges of whole trees.  
And look and see the terraced sweep of hill and  
hill,  
Rising above the shoreline of the Lake so calm and  
still.

Here roams his Majesty, the moose supreme—  
Latest survivor of the greatest game  
That treads the stately forests of the North—  
And sniffs the scented breeze as he goes forth  
Towards the open stream or shallow beach  
To dig for lily roots within his reach.  
And then the sounds that come at eve and morn  
along the lakes,

Or up the mystic stream shore-lined with brakes,  
Or out the darkened forest, silent and still;  
These are the sounds that make the bosom swell.



And are there no marks to link us with the past  
Of savage life throughout these regions vast?  
Only in men themselves, dark-skinned and sober-faced,  
Do we behold a remnant which time has not erased.

These are the marks: let history tell of us,  
That we are no remnant, but a strong stock,  
Prophetic of a greater age to come.



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Eddy Lake Lodge

## AN EPIC OF EDDY—AND ARTHUR

*Rhyming reflections on a two day trip to Eddy (Meme-win) Lake 4½ miles from the Club House at Fort Eddy, once a mountainous trail, by Arthur Heming, Frank Inglee, Arthur Clabon (a rotund Canadian-Englishman but, oh, so English) and Billy Le Heup acting as guide.*

**F**IVE fishers went forth Eddy Lake to  
explore,  
'Twas famed for its fish in the common  
Folk-Lore;  
And though rough was the trail over mountain  
and glen,  
'Twas a tonic sweat bath for these hardy men.  
On the shore of the Lake they discovered a bark  
Which they took to at once like the Dove to the  
Ark;  
And they glided away o'er the waters serene  
Which reflected the shore-line deep shaded in green,  
But not before Arthur, all harm to avert,  
Had changed his moist garb for a dry overshirt;  
For he had decided when packing his kit,  
That with many dry shirts he was sure to keep fit;  
For ye English must have, as we know very well,  
A dry overshirt against a bad spell;  
For although such a custom may suit a wet clime,  
Yet an Englishman's habits are fixed for all time:  
And 'twas only some twenty or more years ago,  
That out to this country he came, don't you  
know.

And pray do not think that we blame him for this,  
For to hold such a thought would be thinking  
    amiss;

Another to his credit, we hasten to say,  
He didn't change oftener than six times a day;  
For the trout were a-jumping and 'twould be a  
    crime,

If he were found changing his shirt all the time.

Now there were two Arthurs enrolled in this crew,  
And one tale of a shirt will not do for the two.

The other was Arthur, a Canadian so true,  
He had only one shirt, a faded light blue,  
Which he changed not at all in darkness or light,  
'Twas a sunbreak by day and his blanket by night,  
Except that a towel o'er his shoulders he drew,  
As he lay down to rest his bare feet to the dew.  
And if in the night a cold spot gave him pain,  
The palm of his hand soon warmed it again;

But let us again proceed with our sail,  
Where we were at the time we diverted our tale.  
The lake so reflected the canopied blue,  
That the bark seemed a hydro-plane sailing on  
    through,

And the headlines and bays of this fine water-  
    stretch

Were a scene or a picture hard to outmatch.  
'Tis true that the woodmen had slaughtered the  
    pine

And left but a remnant for the eye to define,

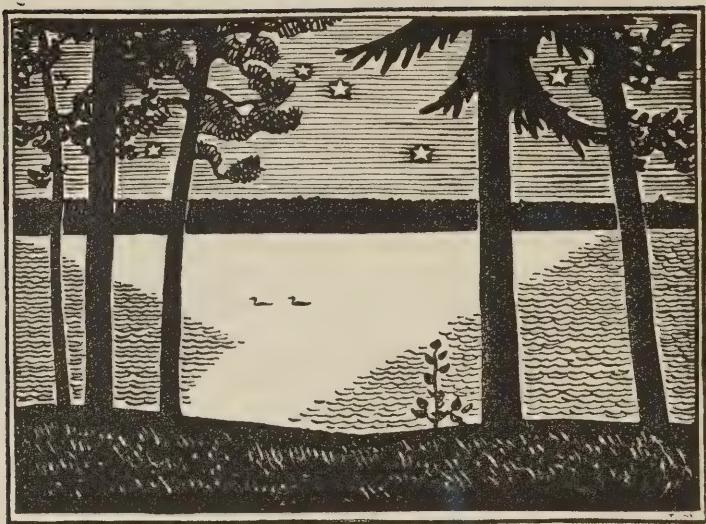
But nevertheless these but called up the past,  
With its wealth of tradition that time will outlast;  
And ever we stopped and were wooed by the  
breeze,  
The magic scent of these pine would restore the  
lost trees.

That even we stayed where many years gone  
The sweepers had camped and their great fires  
shone;  
But now, the still forest echoed as from under its  
breath,  
The cries of its denizens that night had called  
forth,  
And we scarcely took note 'midst surroundings  
like these,  
Of the changing of shirts to give greater ease.

The next morn we sailed to the end of the lake,  
Which we christened "The Farm" for the future  
to make;

And here blessed memory will fail to recall,  
Many scenes such as this the mind to enthrall;  
For as the mists rose which curtained the dawn,  
Appeared a twin-mount with the sun for a crown,  
Which flooded the lake and the trees of the mount,  
Like the bright golden tresses of a maid by a fount.

We skirted the shores in the track of the sun,  
And set up our camp long before he went down  
In a beautiful grove with a white sanded beach  
And the mouth of the Colton within easy reach.



The Lake

We had seen the trout jumping, but this was the  
spot,

On the word of the guide for the fish to be caught;  
But as lovers of truth we must now hesitate,  
And not jump at the facts like the fish to the bait,  
And like them be caught to their sorrow forsooth,  
By a succulent lie in the form of the truth.

And this is an age, as we learn from the craft,  
That the waters don't hold the fishes on draught;  
And neither do men gather up from the feast  
The fragments left o'er as they once did in the  
East.

And so by suggestion I'll just leave you to guess,  
And tell how we rescued a man in distress.

On the shores of the Colton where the white  
waters foam

'Gainst great masses of rock only fishermen roam;  
On one of these masses a fisherman stood,  
Not a sound giving forth but the swish of his  
rod.

The mountains on either side shaded the sun  
From the parchment-like dome of this lonely man  
Who appeared like the Sphinx but not with  
scarred bands,

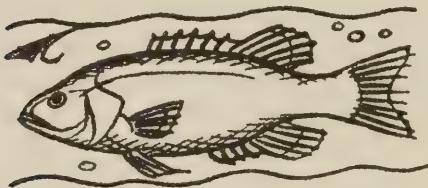
Deep impressed on Sphinx rising out of the sands.

But a crack in the rock, like the charm of a snake,  
Imperceptibly led him a false step to take;  
And when next he was seen his form was a wedge,  
And his face was as sober as that of a Judge.

To his cries like true clansmen his friends  
gathered round,  
And they pulled and they tugged at his two  
hundred pound;  
But this is a fact to his breed be it said,  
He could not be pulled, he would only be led.  
So a path always opens to men such as these,  
And down further he slid till he stepped out with  
ease.

Now this is our tale, let no one suppose  
We exceeded the license that narrators use,  
When in truth they but seek their story to tell,  
That wayside events may weave their own spell  
And create an illusion, and to facts be correct,  
Merely dressing them up but to give them effect.

Aug. 15th, 1917.







Aleck Talking

## ALECK'S FARM

*Aleck Soucie, our portageur, was an old French-Canadian shantyman, then a settler in the township of Mattawan on the Ontario side of the Ottawa River, then in the unorganized territory of Pontiac County, on the Quebec side, where he now lives, having latterly rented the farm of Alfred Reamsbottom, once an important stopping place on the road to Kippewa and the other northern parts of the lumbering territory.*

*Aleck is now reminiscing—*

**F**OR forty year ave travelled much de wood;  
Some tam she bad to me, more tams she's  
good.  
Ave used de hax in Winter an' de pack-pole in de  
Spreeng,  
Also ave drove de portage team, mak pool lak  
eberyteeng.  
But now ma fam she's gettin' hole, an' mees de  
hole man some,  
Wen hees gone way up in de bush, so far away  
hees home.  
An' so we mak a leetle farm in Township  
Mattawan;  
We beeld log house, an' cut de brush, an' deeg de  
stump lak fun;  
An' wen de lan' she's clear, about some seex  
arpents,  
We mak him treep to de village, for sure to get him  
plow;  
An' de honion, and potat, an' hoats, we plant for  
five seex year.

But always we feel lonesome, almos' we come to  
tear,  
For de chantier wit de camboose, an' de beanpot  
in de san',  
An' de sawlog on de rollway, an' de handspik  
in ma han'.  
So wen wan day a neighbor man, she come an'  
say "Aleck,  
Ah want to buy a farm what has wan stable an'  
good shack,  
For ma familie she grow so beeg, ave got to fin'  
some way,  
For keep heem settle in his min', so ah can mak  
heem stay."  
An' den ma fam she come along, an' say to me  
"Aleck,  
Don' you tink dat we could fin' a place in Province  
de Quebec,  
Where we could get one leetle farm and dont have  
pay de tack,  
On de ole road to de Chantier, in de Conté  
Pontihac."  
Ah den ma fren' you don' believe, jus how ma  
body shook,  
Lak de leaf upon de popple, or de ripple on de  
brook;  
An' before dat neighbor man, she lef' ma house  
dat day,  
Ah geeve heem all ma propertie, an trus' him for  
de pay.

An' ah peek heem up all ma baggage, an' before  
anodder moon  
Ah go an seetle on de Snake, an' ah don' leave  
very soon,  
Teel ma fren' Alfred she come along, geeve me  
hees place an' stoc  
On de ole road to de Chantier, in de Conté  
Pontihac.  
An' now you see how well am feex, de wageen  
wit a spreeng.  
She mak de treep from de Riviere, come smooth  
jus lak a sweeng.  
An' ma horse, ah bien, she not lak Rose, she no  
ole snipe lak her,  
She's mate pour George, an' ah dunno, but mebbe  
she's bet-ter;  
She mak de Madame Dunlap proud, wen she  
look up an see  
Ole Aleck wit hees wheep an line, on seat of new  
buggee;  
An den ah teenk, ah biens, ma chere, we're all de  
meelionaire,  
Vive la Shahwandahgooze, where dey have de  
moose an' bear.

Date, 1914.

## ALECK'S SPEECH

*The sparsely settled section of this expanse is squatted on mostly by the French-Canadian pioneer woodsman, whose broken English dialect is always pleasing to hear. The courier and general factotum of the Club is "Aleck" Soucie, who lives on his little farm three miles away, a typical bois-courier of the kind mentioned, whose oddly expressed humor is a common topic for imitation, and on occasions of serviceable employment.*

A H tank you gendlemen, for de honor to be present at de hanimal meeting of de Club. Dem ceegar she's alright. If you don mine me al tak anudder wan. De Doctor she tole me someting, an de Presiden, Monsier Anderson, she tole me someteeng also, but ah mus' tell you gendlemen, ah doan know ver' much bout diz beezezzness. Ah know good deal bout de hanimal—ave been roun dees part o' de contree for more nor forty year—ah see beeg lumberman come, an stay long tam, an den ah see him quit deese place. Ah see de wile beese also, an keel him plentay, but she's not so easy keel heem now, ah spose dat's good teeng for de hunterr, she not come where de game too plentay. Ah doan bleeve all dem teeng wat de Docterr an' Sam Tongue dey tell me. But ah bleeve Billie Paul, cause she's not onlay de beeg man for do someting curyus, but she's not mak de game fraid of heem. Ah bleeve she mak skippin rope wit de deer on de goff leenk, an she tak de horn wit de bull moose,

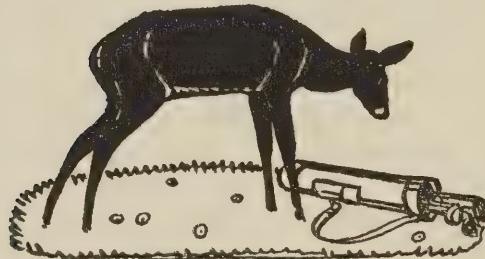
an she doan let de beaverr have all de dam needur.  
But ah bleeve de Presiden' wen she tell me bout de  
rabeet swim from de feeshur, cause ah caught beeg  
feesh meself one tam' on de Heddy Lak weigh  
twenty-haught poun'.

But ah fine someting curyus bout dees camp—  
wat you call dat teeng—wat de name on dat teeng  
—ah, oui monsieur—Goff—oui—ah wan' tell  
you gentlemen, wat ah teenk, ah teenk dat's not  
good for de hunterr—she's not mak heem shoot  
straight, an she's mak heem sware also. Wen de  
hunterr see de wite flag she know de games overr,  
but de wite flag of de goff, she stay all de tam'.  
De man, wat you call dat—wat try heet de leetle  
wite ball—ah doan tink she nebber see de wite  
flag at all. Ah teenk dat's de game for de lady-  
man. Ah like beterr de little black ball wat go  
wit de treegur. Dey tell me de mos' tam' you heet  
de ball de worse man at de goff. Ah see one  
fellerr—mebby Billie Paul—mebby some nudder  
man—she put de wite ball on leetle hill, den she  
stretch de harm, den she mak sweeng de stick like  
hammerr, an heet de groun' six eench from de  
ball, mak hole lak deeg de potat; den she heet two,  
tree tam' on de sam' place; den she mees de hert  
altogeddur; den she look roun'—ah specks to see  
for heet someteeng; den she look long tam at de  
ball on de leetle heel; den she say someteeng looks  
lak speak bout dat leetle ball—ah doan understan',  
ah doan know all bout dat game, but she seem

satisfy; and den she heet dat leetle ball an she never see no more. Ah doan see me wair day mak fun on dat teeng, she seem for me lak wen de man was vex an no wan can do nutting to help dat man, den she no fun for shure.

A nudder teeng ah see on dat game. Bah gosh she's nebber satisfy. Dey nebber get dat game. She's lak—wat you call dat teeng—de lantern wit de jack. She sometam look ver' close and den she's not dair for shure. An den she mus' be explain, an she's nebber tru speakin' bout dat. Ah fin' dat ver' curyus.

Ah tank you gentleman for leesten to me, an' ah hope you queet play dat goff altogeddur.



# THE ANNUAL DINNER

*The Annual dinner of the Shahwandahtgooze Club was usually held at 93 Highlands Avenue, Toronto.*

*As this was the first at which Alec Soucie was present, he was prevailed upon to PRESIDE. After a menu had been prepared and made clear to him because of his lack of schooling (he depended largely upon his memory in interpreting it) he gave a few introductory remarks which we have transcribed as far as our memory will allow.*

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY ALEX.

M AH femme she ax me say few word bout de ting what we hav to heet. Ah doan understan' meseff jus' all bout dat ting, but de missus she tell me leetle. She say to de hole man dat she mus' do de bes' wat she can an she say someting bout de fork, but ah dunno for dat. Ah tink meseff dat de fork she's good but she doan hole de stuff lak' de nife for de hungry man, but of course de fine man she's not ver' hungry. Dis is all wat ah teenk jus' for to say me, but de missus she ax me speek wat we hav to heet, so ah spose you can mak de room for all dat teeng.

## MENU.

1. One haff de grape fruit (wat you call dat teeng) Orchard d'Aleck—de hole wan she's too much pour de man.
2. Hauche de Cochon roti avec pommes, de leetle peeg wit de pommes. She's goot pour de

Hinglishman, also pour des habitants, me like dat,  
des pommes she mak de meat come alright.

3. Poulet grillée—de leetle cheek—she's mah  
great fren'—she mak de hegg also.

4. Oison roté avec farce—de roase goose—avec  
—avec—wat you call dat—stuff—stuff—you  
know she mak de goose look beeg on de tab—she's  
goot mak heet also.

5. Végétal—wat you grow on de groun'.

6. De Porc an de bean—she's de bes yet—she  
run de chantier—she mak de reeche man feel  
satisfy also.

7. Plum pooding—ah teenk you call dat—de  
gateau wat hang on de wall till she's come black—  
wit de sauce wat mak him feel not too heavay.

8. De hice cream—ah never touch dat me—ah  
teenk maybay she's goot for de baybay.

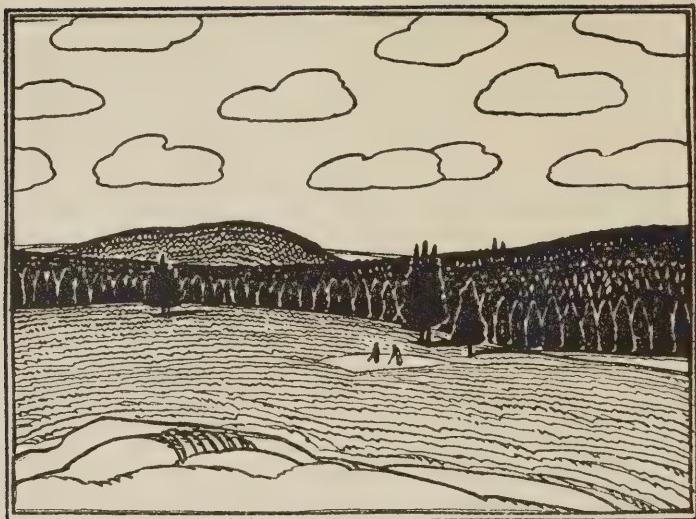
9. De froot an' de nut an' de cracker an' de  
raisin—she member me de leetle Chreesmas, ah  
spose she's same teeng, she mak de fun, she crack  
de joke an' ah spose she raise de deb a leetle also.

10. Café noir—am fraid ma frens she's not de  
color pour des habitants Canayennes.—She's  
maybe bes' for dat.

—C'est tout—

December 27th, 1918.





The Golf Course

# THE TRUCE WITH COLONEL BOGIE

*Shahwandahgooze Golf course. Nomenclature for the guidance of aspiring visitors.*

No. 1. *Yarrow Bank.*

2. *Right Bower.*

3. *Dardaniels.*

4. *Jerusalem.*

5. *Deer Heights.*

6. *Wolf Glen.*

7. *Hip Hill.*

8. *Barnaby Ridge.*

9. *Bitter-Buttons.*

*An experience by one who fought his way to a truce with Colonel Bogie.*

O WHITE and lovely yarrow, O, golden-centred daisy, As I pick thee for my bouquet, As I see thee on the mantel, I have nought but pride and pleasure at thy beauty and thy perfume as they mutely feed my fancy and fill me with delight; but when upon the tee-green, with my driver true and trusty, and the teed-ball white and glimmering, and my hand as firm and steady as the granite of Mons Dome; and I glance along the fair-green to the white flag next the forest; and I smite the ball to meet it as a demon smites a fairy; and I list adown the fair-green for the music of the sphere as it flashes towards the white flag: then alas for swing and

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follow, and alas for trust illfounded, there were  
elfish spirits round it to deflect and then impede it;  
and they dashed it from the fair-green to dispose  
of it forever, midst the weeds and shrubs and  
flowers that grow densely by the way. It was then,  
O friends, don't blame me, as I searched among the  
yarrow, and I searched among the daisies, and I  
saw them with blanched faces and I heard them  
grimly whisper not to let me in their secret to re-  
tain that ball forever and claim it as their own,  
that I smote those so-called flowers, smote them  
justly with my mashie till they lay in ghastly  
winrows, till I forced their secrets from them;  
that I now don't look upon them as one looks  
upon a flower, but rather as a farmer looks upon  
a weed that can only bring him sorrow if allowed  
to go to seed.

But having holed out in a five or six in spite of  
weeds and shrubs, I cast my eye along the links  
and seize my bag of clubs; and while I wait my  
turn to strike, I gaze upon the scene, where on  
Mons Dome the old Rampike stands up above  
the green, and I see Right Bower on my right, as  
it beckons for a slice, and I know that if I press  
a bit, that I must pay the price; but comrades, I  
would fain pass on, pass the struggle with old  
rick and never once let it be known how Right  
Bower took the trick; but rather dwell upon  
Dardaniels as a golfer only can, and tell you how  
I smote the Turk like the mighty Sir Ian, for I

passed the rocky entrance into Marmora Sea, and like Sir Ian I took no chance and I holed out in a three. And I gaze towards Jerusalem and again I see the Turk, and like the Coeur de Leon I have courage for the work—and I make a great crusade and another three is made.

O, picture no more hazards, there are none;  
O, think of no more lost balls, there are none;  
For the wolf may skirt the forest, and the deer  
may mount the hillside, and old barns may top  
the landscape, and Mons Dome may overshadow,  
but the golf ball in its flight on nestling on the lea,  
tells us always to do right and we win the  
Victoree.

Date, 1915

## SHAHWANDAHGOOZE GOLF CLUB RULES OF PLAY

1. The recognized rules of Golf will be observed subject to necessary modifications to meet local conditions which will be posted above the club rack. The lengths of the greens will be found on the sand boxes.
2. Instructions have been received from Headquarters that Col. Bogie is not in Fort Eddy on the 9th green, but may be found in the hole or dugout beyond, and that the attack on him must not be preceded by a curtain of fire but by indirect assault with high trajectory.
3. The Globe or Earth is a sphere and the golf ball also being a sphere must not be confused with it.
4. A Sweet Spirit is not found on the approach to the first teeing green. It is developed and seen throughout the course.
5. A good Count or Countess is a title of nobility accorded to him or her who prefers to suffer defeat rather than disgrace the score with the addition of either an unearned digit or one having any element of doubt in it.
6. A clean heart makes clean sport.

## THAT FAMOUS "43"

WE'VE travelled through continents thousands of miles,  
Nor heeded the lure of our Northern Wilds;

What say, my good wife, if we now go and see  
A place by the name of Shahwandahgooze."  
Then spake up his wife, who says what she thinks,  
"I hear they have there a nine hole golf links."  
"Oh, Pshaw," said John Moore, "you mean a bob-cat,

They've nothing up there so luxurious as that."  
But the good dame persisted and the clubs left their home

To be lifted for service in the shade of Mons Dome,

Which o'ershadows the links, if such be their name;

They at least gave our hero a measure of fame;  
Which we now will explain so that you can all see

How he played the nine holes with the score forty-three.

### THE "43"

"Where's that flag?" he said, as he strode up to the tee;

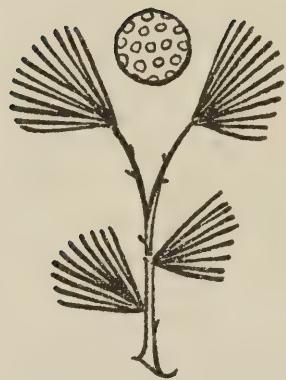
"If it's anything under a mile away I'll make the hole in three."

His confidence was so assured that he recked not of a pull,

And next took out his iron and struck out fair  
and full.  
The three was very soon in sight with bogey in the  
rear,  
But to approach and lie was not his fort, I say it  
without fear.  
And so it happened that a six was added to his  
score,  
And he strode up to the second tee, afeeling some-  
what sore;  
But a gallant Britisher was he with Irish in his  
blood,  
And happiest and gamiest when struggling gainst  
the flood.  
"So if sand and scutch grass, gravel and humps  
must try to fail my put,  
I'll double any distance on the green or call my-  
self a mut."  
Whew-gee-whizz—just hear her whistle and sing,  
If wind and gravity don't conspire she'll take that  
flag on the wing.  
But I won't recite all his deeds that day; it would  
take too much of your time,  
A glance at his card with its string of fours were  
better proof than my rhyme.  
His feats with the brassy on the green were worthy  
alone of a poem,  
How up from Wolf Glen and past the Spruce the  
ball went flying home;  
And what if a drive from the seventh tee gave a  
feeling like despair,

The trusty brassy just sang for joy as it sped the  
ball through the air;  
And our hero went home in forty-three and well  
might he say with pride,  
“With a little more care to my puts I’d whip old  
Bogy out of his hide.”





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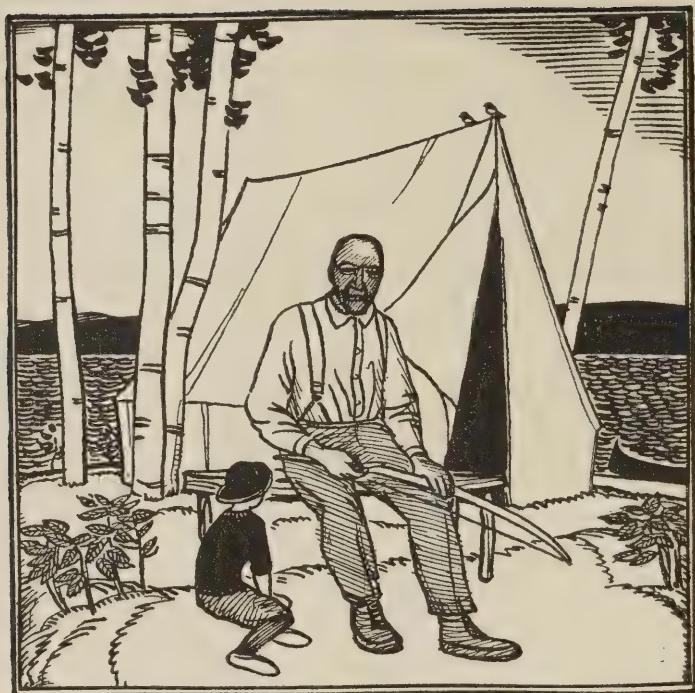
## A GOLFING SOLILOQUY

**T**WO men in one body march or stride to the first teeing green in the shadow of old Mons Dome.

Which one of them are you?

No. 1. "Oh would that I possessed some Herculean gift apart from other men, that this pale orb that I do now address might dash to disappearance at the base of yonder flag."

No. 2. "But no, a greater gift I ought must crave: the gift of humble mind to realize that men are all of common clay, and that to those alone of humble mind and willing to perform may, with gifts most worthy and supreme, be dowered."



Walter

## WALTER

*Walter Ferris, our mail-courier and guide, is of part Scotch and native Indian descent. He is over seventy, was born at Moose Factory, then came with his parents to Macky Station on the Ottawa where he lumbered many years, then came to Mattawa and became a sportsman's guide and hunter. His wife and some married daughters and one son are living thereabouts.*

**H**E comes of races twain,  
The white man and the red,  
And he feels in every vein  
The racial fires fed;  
But in his ways and on his face  
Are stamped the image of the Red Race.

At Moose Factory on James' Bay,  
Some seventy years ago,  
He came into the light of day  
Where the north winds blow;  
But farther south into the land of pine  
He sought his home and built his family shrine.

There he labored at the lumber craft  
And took a white man's part,  
In preparing lumber for the raft,  
And driving it to the mart;  
But always in the bush or on the stream  
His eyes were glancing in the search for game.

And so there struggled in his breast  
The woodman's lust for wood,  
And the alert hunter in his quest

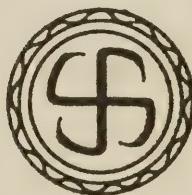
For game, for fur, or food;  
But ever as the years go by and age creeps on apace,  
The native strain asserts its force and comes into  
first place.

And he wears, as a garment deeply dyed,  
Unchanged by time or place,  
The peculiar habits of a tribe,  
The quaint traditions of a race.

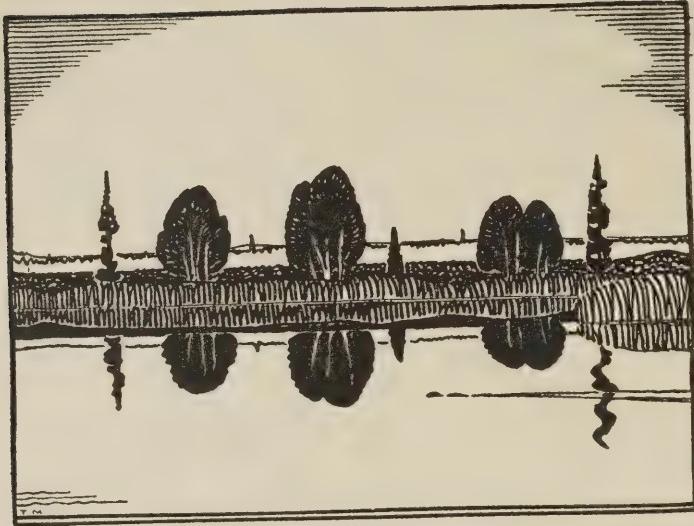
And who can say which race of the twain,  
Conditioned as they were,  
When first they met in this old man  
Were better to the fore.

For this we know, that we have here, white man  
or Indian,  
A kind old gentleman whom either race might  
claim as Kith or Kin.

Date, 1914.







Snake Creek

## ALONG THE TRAIL

*Alice Speaks.*

WILL we go to Racicots, away from all the fads?  
'Tis up the Creek beyond the rushes and the lily pads,  
Where a bark canoe alone may pass, and make a landing sure,  
Among the ferns and rank tall grass that grow along its shore.  
Where the beaver and the muskrat swim and leave a wake behind  
That calls us on to glide along and see what we can find.  
'Tis here we see the old log shack where Time has worked unheeded,  
And the hunter who outwits his game has gone for the food he needed;  
Then we see the trail to the great Beauchene, the Lake that we never made,  
But we feel that the scene that meets our view our journey has repaid;  
For here is a garden planted by God, with a hand that does not spare,  
Neither for space nor for color, nor setting so wild and rare.  
And if we cannot fill in the scene and see beyond what we see,  
Then surely it is that the "Call of the Wilds" is not for you nor for me;

For here in the wilderness, silent and lone, with its  
    spell let no one decry  
We see the tracks of the moose and the deer, of the  
    bear and the fox so sly.  
But as we follow the trail to the Great Beauchene,  
    what further is that we see?  
What are those bushes along our track, that reach  
    to Infinity?  
They are not the bushes of the Bible times, that  
    burn and are not consumed,  
These must bear fruit for the bear and the bird, of  
    that it must be presumed;  
These are not for Commerce in this place of the  
    Wild, yet they must be mad for food;  
They are blue indeed, as the sky is blue, for with  
    nature they do not intrude;  
And this is the soil, the acid soil, where the blue-  
    berry used to thrive,  
But we see them not, and we must return, like the  
    bee from the empty hive:  
And this is the lesson of the five dollar bill, if it  
    would but avail,  
“One blueberry does not make a pie, and neither  
    does it fill a pail.”



## ALICE AND ALECK

*An incident on the road from Fort Eddy to Snake Creek Station—Aug. 22nd, 1918.*

*Mrs. McPherson is leaving alone in the wagon with Aleck, on a seat without a back and so high above the bottom of the wagon that her feet did not reach the bottom.*

**A**S Alice and Aleck started forth for a ride,  
They looked very much like a groom and a  
bride.

For even if Nature appeared to fall down  
In forcing on Aleck the form of a clown.

'Tis equally clear that she more then made good,  
With Alice as a model of fair womanhood.

And so in the pride of sharing his seat.  
With one so well classed as the very elite.

Small wonder that Aleck should sometimes forget,  
And give Paddy, the scamp, a taste of the whip,  
Without due regard to the time or the place,  
That might be best suited to quicken the pace,  
With the least of discomfort to those in his care,  
Who in moments like these should have time to  
prepare.

And so it just happened, as well you might guess,  
That Paddy, the scamp, halted back in the trace  
Where the road took a rise by the stump of a tree.  
I will tell you what happened as Aleck told me.

"You see Monsieur Dunlap where the hill come  
steep

Ah heet Padday with the hend of ma wheep;

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An' as she come jump lack ah never see,  
Ah 'mos fall over de wheepletree.  
An' wen ah look roun' for to fine ma hat,  
Ba gollay am frighten for sure for dat.  
For de whoman she's gone an' ah only can see  
De two feet on de seat longside of me.  
Bah gosh, ah hardly know wat to do,  
So ah make a grab for to pull de shoe.  
An' ah pool, an' ah leeft, but ah don't know how  
She got meeex up lak de hay in de mow.  
Bah gosh she's heavay, but ah pool encore,  
An' affer a while she's seet up once more.  
An' she mak her laff wen ah look for cursin,  
Bah gollay she's fine whoman dat Mrs. Ferson.  
An' am glad for sure wen she say to me  
"Haleck! Your de fine driver ah never see."

Aug. 28th, 1918.







### A Room I Know

## RECOLLECTIONS BY ALICE

*A Room I Know.*

**T**HREE'S a fire-light glow in a room I know,  
There are hearts so true to welcome you,  
That mantles of distress and strife,  
And outside things, fall off themselves and joy is  
rife

In a room I know.

I wonder in that Far-Away, will Gone-Befores  
Welcome us in the same dear way?  
Anyway, this is so, 'tis very Heaven here below  
In a room I know.

March 24th, 1918.



## THE HUNTER'S STORY

*A tale from the fireside of the Hunter's Camp at Shah-wandahgooze, from an incident during the Fall of 1917. It is necessary to relate the main features of the adventure.*

Mr. C., a highly respected Member of the Club and a reputed shot, accompanied by the greatest hunter of the North, Sam Tongue, but who in recent years very sensibly prefers to give the game a chance to multiply, and to delight the fire-siders with tales and yarns with backgrounds more or less of fact, went up the Creek in a canoe intending to land and still-hunt at the old Racicot Clearing. On their return in the evening Sam related at the fireside a most exciting adventure Mr. C. and he had had with a pack of wolves of which they shot several, leaving them for dead, and while searching for others and wounded ones, the supposedly dead ones moved off one at a time and disappeared. So they brought back none. The tale was so realistically told and by such old-timers accustomed to adventure, that it was believed. A day or two later the same two again returned empty as to game, but with another story of the miraculous escape of a moose, literally bored through to daylight on the other side with a bullet from the unerring aim of Mr. C. This tale was also so well told that it was believed. However the more matured reflections of some of the hunters later on began to create suspicions as to the genuineness of the tales, until Rumor put up her head and whispered that Sam had been bought, in the sense at least that he had put it over so well that a valuable present was in proper order. Rumor, we understand, has secured the floor. A very clever cartoonist has pictured the events as described with an artist's license to give the necessary flavor, and later it was suggested that poetic license might also be evoked to assist in preserving so remarkable a succession of adventures.

**I**N the old clearing they lay all in a row,  
For even a coroner to say "Dead as Dodo,"  
The leader of the pack was there ghastly in  
death,  
It couldn't be possible that he was holding his  
breath,  
For though as we sometimes know an appearance  
may lie,  
It had to be truthful this time, I will tell you why:  
As all of us know who have travelled the forest for  
game,  
The failure to land when the game is in hand is  
always the fault of the aim;  
So that if you can claim in the matter of aim that  
there couldn't be any mistake,  
Of course you must know there is only to show  
that the story was not a fake.  
Now to give you the name of the man who took  
aim will carry its own conviction,  
We will name him in private and be sure you will  
have it and it won't be a matter of fiction.  
Thus there only remains that the tale as 'twas told  
is truthful in point of fact,  
And as Sportsmen don't lie, you all will know  
why, the story cannot be attacked.  
"Hush-sh-sh I see another one," said the Sport to  
Sam,  
"He sits upon his haunch to play the sham."  
The wily brute, here goes to make another,  
"Bang" goes the gun and forth they ran together  
To seek the fourth wolf in their lust for game,

And add another niche to the Temple of their  
Fame.

'By Gosh,' said Sam, "I see no signs at all,"  
The Sport just said, "I saw him jump and fall."  
They wandered back afeeling rather blue  
When Sam exclaimed, "By gosh, here's only two."  
The Sport said naught, he let Sam have the say,  
To tell just how the brute had got away.  
"Hush-sh-sh," cried the Sport, "he's skulking in  
the bush,"

"Bang" went the gun and both men made a rush,  
If haply they might find him where he lay  
And rob him of his chance to get away.

"By gosh," said Sam, "he must be near at hand.  
There's something queer I cannot understand."  
"Hush-sh-sh," said the Sport, the waving of his  
hand,

Bid them go back and make another stand.

"By gosh," said Sam, "there's now but only one,"  
"Hush-sh-sh," said the Sport, and looked along  
his gun,

"Bang," went the gun and this is what he said,  
As the gun still pointed at the still wolf's head:  
"Sam, I will wander where we left the canoe,  
Leaving the wolf all alone with you.

If you bring it along, it explains itself,  
Else I bargain with you to supply the pelf."  
Now this much seems certain as far as we know,  
The wolf didn't come but the story did go.  
And if it lacked anything in dealing with fact,  
It surely lacked nothing in telling effect.

But as to a bargain for saving a rep,  
'Twas needless indeed to take such a step,  
For the 'twain went again on a hunt for a moose;  
They restrained for the wolves but in this they cut  
loose,

And I know very well you'd be simply astounded,  
That the hole was so large he could travel around  
it.

I refer to the moose that they saw on the run  
And the hole that was made by these men with the  
gun.

If the moose had stood still, at the magic word  
"Hush-sh,"

I leave to be told by the man with the brush.



## THE DUKE AND ALECK

*The Duke of Devonshire under escort of Sir Henry Egan, President of The Hawkesbury Lumber Company, went up to the Snake in his private coach for a day's hunt in October, 1920, the car being left on the siding for their convenience.*

*Aleck, of course, as the owner of the best conveyance on the Creek, met the party and took some of them as far as they wanted to go along the road.*

*When Aleck was asked about what he had seen of the Duke and the hunt, and his impressions in general, he gave the following little narrative taken down from memory as nearly as possible in his own peculiarly spoken habitant English.*

B IEN oui Monsieur, ah see de Dook for shure. She cum in hees own caban. De caban she hav' de glace on de side. Bah George, monsieur, she look shine joose leck de furss hice on de lac. Ah coone help see troo dem glace, ah see de bunk house an de man in de wite, joose leck de furss man on de procesh. Den ah see dem heet—ah spose de brekfas'—an affer awile de Dook cum see me wit anudder man an' monsieur Heegan. Dey tell me de Dook she tak de place ob de Keeng—ah teenk she cum nex onder Henry Heegan, at leese she looke leck dat. She mak respecs to heem, ah see dat pour meseff. Dey say she's de fine man fur de contree. She seet longside me on de buggay an she speck de French joose lick me, but not all de tam. She speck de Hinglish also. She ax me were ah cum. Well, ah say, de

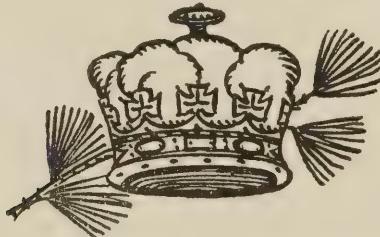
Mattawan, you know dat place? She say, dat place we joose pass—you not born dere? Well, ah say, ah leefe dere de mos' mah life, but ah was raise on de St. Jean Port Joli below Kebec. Ah dunno but she seem happy pour dat. Den she ax me bout de game on dees place. Ah tole heem sumteeng but not all de teeng; she tak too long for tell heem dat. Den she say, Haleck, ah joose want see de deer an de patree, ah spose ah can do dat teeng. Ah say, bien monsieur, she's all boud dees place an am ver shure you get. She say, de Hinglishman, you know, she like ver well keel sumteeng, an she leck also heet de wile beese.

Well monsieur, ah tell you, ah teenk ah never see de fine man leck dat; she shure ees de fine gentleman, an she have some nudder fine man wit heem, but ah dunno much bout dem nudder man cep' dey seem ver nice genleman.

You ax me how dey mak de hunt? Well, ah tell you dey mak de hunt alright. De Dook she keel de fine buck, also ah spose sevenne or hate patree. De hunterr, dey say he not de bad man wit de foosee, an de goede man on de bush. Wen ah drahve heem out from de Hawkesburay to hees caban on de railway she mak me de fine presante—am please for dat me—an she say to me—Haleck! wen you cum see me? Ah say, bien monsieur, you know de heel cum ver steep your place, an ah fine meseff get ver hole an not leck ah wuz in de pass wen de moose an de deer coone clime way from me;

so ah gess ah mus tank you, monsieur, an mebbay  
me meet you on de nex wurl; all de sam ah tank  
you for hax me, an ah promees mah wurd, wen  
me an de meesus say de priére-a-Dieu, we say also,  
may de Good God an de Vargin, presarve de Dook  
from all de dangerr, an am ver shure all peopl will  
pray de sam' pour vous—bon-jour monsieur, ah  
tank you. Den de Dook rais hees han' to hees  
chapeau lak dat, an tank me, an shake mah han  
an say Bon-jour Haleck! an ah gess dat's de hend  
on dat. Den monsieur Heegan she geeve de wurd  
pour start de train an ah spouse dey cum alright; at  
leese ah hear nutteeng.

You know, monsieur, ah dunno de politick.  
Ave no fadderr for larn me wen ah wuz leetl, an  
you know dem fellah hon de bush, you not bleeve  
nutteeng from dem fellah; but ah gess ah get long  
fur de res' mah life widout know de politeek, an  
ah joose do de bes' ah can wen ah see de beeg man.  
Ah gess dat's all wat ah can do monsieur, wat you  
teenk?



## THE “HAND CARVED”

*An ordinary pale ash machine-made cabinet, costing at a local dealer's \$11.50, was sold by a clergyman to a poor inverted lawyer as a Nova Scotia oak hand-carved cabinet, costing \$22.00 in Halifax. A rare bargain.*

“**I**t cost me twenty-two,” he said.  
Such frankness in his mien and voice,  
Quite sufficient to have led,  
A doubting Thomas to rejoice  
That now indeed what e'er he said  
To solemn truth was firmly wed  
“I'll give it you for thirteen cash.  
It came from Nova Scotia fields.  
It's not made of pine nor ash,  
But of that royal wood which yields  
To none upon this firmament  
For either use or ornament.  
Its strength of frame is much relieved  
By carving rare and unsurpassed,  
That handskill had at length retrieved  
Its fortune from machinery's grasp.”  
Such were the words he spoke, and smiled.  
An innocent had been beguiled.

### MORAL.

If to purchase you're inclined,  
Take the look before the leap;  
Never say you'll go it blind  
And trust your man to get it cheap;  
E'en come the forceful words and gesture  
From person clothed in sacred vesture.



A Real Colossus of Roads

## A REAL COLOSSUS OF ROADS

THE Minister in his office sate;  
He was a Minister of State  
Whose mind was filled with great concern  
For everything that he could learn  
That would enable him to place  
A road or bridge to help suffice  
To meet a need at any price.

"Come in," he cried, "what is your quest?"  
To one who for admission pressed.  
"I'm from the land of Porcupine,  
My mission you may well divine.  
It is a land long hid from men,  
A land of river, lake and fen,  
Marked on your map by a stroke of pen."

A story in rough words he told  
Of struggle, hardship, and of gold;  
For he was miner, salt of the earth,  
A king by struggle, not by birth;  
And he pressed the minister to go and see  
Where roads were needed with urgency.  
"Why that is not upon my hands.  
Go to the Minister of Lands,  
For he is the Guardian; be not afraid;  
Whatever he says must be obeyed.  
You may give him relief in taxes and fees,  
But be always prepared for a further squeeze  
To be made from his own Official position,  
Or laid to the door of the Railway Commission."

However on reflection the Minister rued  
That his jurisdiction he'd misconstrued,  
And he determined at once to go and see  
If there was in the land such a great countree;  
For he is a man who never shirks,  
Is this Minister of the Public Works.  
He called forthwith for his private coach  
To be packed with provisions and wines and such,  
To take him away to Two-twenty-two,  
Which Englehart thinks is the real Loup-Garou;  
But some deny wisdom its justification,  
And hence to this place is not given a station,  
And hundreds of tons of mining supplies  
Were dumped in the ditch to be dug up with pries.

What ho, can it be that the Government Coach  
Doth stop at a place that's a name for reproach?  
And is that the Minister seen to alight,  
With his sleeves rolled up prepared for a fight,  
With conditions adverse though strung in a line,  
All the way from the steel to Lake Porcupine?  
With courage undimmed as though facing a foe  
The Minister started the journey to go,  
But not upon foot or with pack on his back  
As the mining man goes after leaving the track,  
But with seat on a wagon with horses to haul him,  
It must be admitted that naught could befall him,  
And Frederick House Lake would be met with and  
passed,  
And Golden City be sighted at last.

"Hello, sacre bleu, oh mon Dieu, qu'est-ce que ça?"  
The Minister cried as the driver yelled, "haw,"  
And the wagon went down with a horrible bump  
That made the poor Minister feel like a chump  
Who had made a poor bargain in changing his ease  
In his coach on the track for conditions like these.  
"Just mark you that spot; I will send up a man  
To fill up that hole as fast as he can,"  
Quoth the Minister then as he drew from his kit  
What might make him forget the place he was hit.  
But after repeated sorrow on sorrow  
The Minister began to fret for the morrow,  
And humbly decided his way to retake,  
Although not yet in sight of Frederick House  
Lake.

And he swore an oath as long as his arm  
To order a thousand men in the morn,  
For he had but started the journey to make  
Which only commences at Frederick House Lake.  
And thousands of men and tons of supplies  
Would follow the wake of such enterprise.  
But alas and alack, what instead do we see?  
Instead of a thousand there's but two or three;  
And we might as well wait for the doom bells to  
chime,  
As a Minister in league with old Father Time.

Porcupine, 1906.

## THE REBEL

*On the presentation of a beautiful bound volume of the "Rebel"—the Victoria University Monthly—by the "Rebel" Committee.*

'T WAS good of you, Committee dear, to send  
the *Rebel* bound,  
That we might "gaol delivery make," if  
guiltless he be found,  
In fact we may e'en now confess, from information  
gained,  
That his past record is so good he's sure to be  
unchained;  
But still we must give patient ear and keep alert  
our senses,  
Not favoring the tales of those who magnify  
offences.

So, though our customs still respect the woolsack  
and the ermine,  
A humble miner you have sought, the issue to  
determine.  
We'll put the question fair and square from the ore  
stamps and the grime,  
If there's a blight to the growth, or a veil to the  
Truth—then a rebel? then a crime?  
Surely we learn from the men in the mine, that the  
gold only yields to the blast,  
A rebellion forsooth, in the search for the truth—  
the gold is released at last.

And so the verdict will be this: "The Rebel shall  
have bullion,  
And he shall have enough of it to further his  
rebellion."

Signed "GOLD MINER."

Nov. 30th, 1918.

## A DON-ALDA PIG

*Written on the occasion of housing the first pig on Don-Alda Farm and composed at 5 a.m. to the rocking of the berth on the train approaching Temagami, 1916.*

O H me, oh my, oh me, oh my. I seek my  
bed in the corner of the sty;  
Then I grunt, and I grunt, for I haven't  
had enough;  
So back to the trough for a stuff, stuff, stuff;  
Then I scratch my back on the wall close by,  
And I stand and I look and I don't see why  
I shouldn't go back for another little try,  
To the dear old swill with its rich perfume;  
And I keep on a fillin' till there isn't any room.

THIS little volume, "Shahwandahgooze  
Days," as written by the late David  
A. Dunlap, and illustrated by Thoreau  
MacDonald, has been made by Warwick  
Bros. & Rutter, Limited  
Toronto









